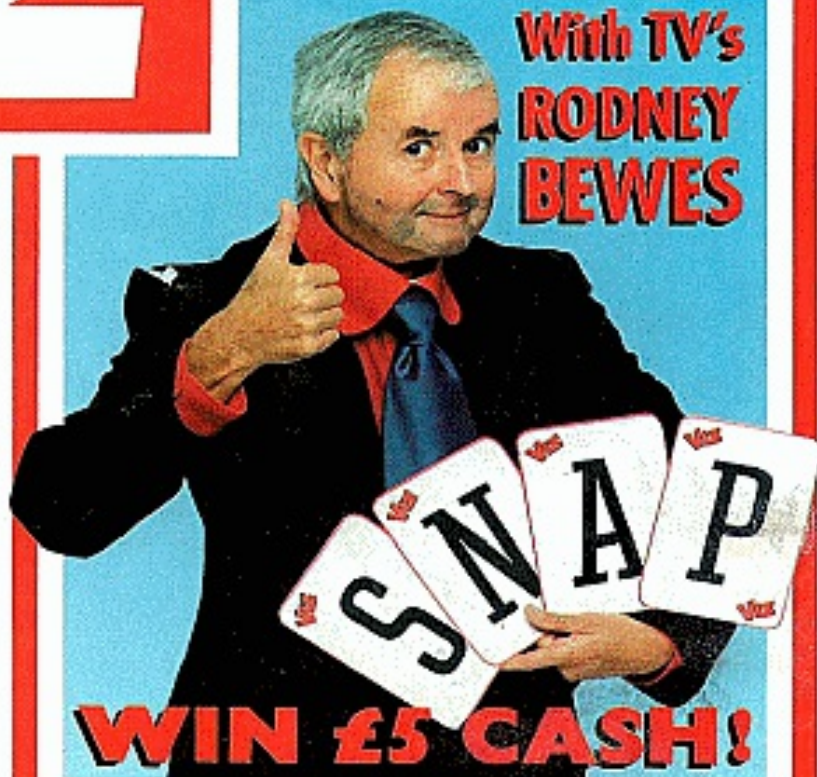


# W THE W

**STARTS TODAY  
£5 SNAP!**

With TV's  
**RODNEY  
BEWES**



**WIN £5 CASH!**

## NEW PRICE SENSATION

# IT'S 20p!

Britains will soon be forced to FORK out more of their hard earned cash every time they visit a Chinese takeaway. For the price of plastic forks is set to soar to a staggering 20p.

The price of forks, an optional extra at most of Britain's estimated FOUR MILLION Chinese takeaway restaurants, has been pegged at ten pence for several years. But in a curt statement issued in Peking yesterday the Chinese Government announced a shock 100 per cent increase.

### SPECTRUM

The Chinese Ambassador in London was immediately summoned to the Foreign Office to explain his Government's actions, and there were expressions of concern from MPs on all sides of the political spectrum. This latest price rise follows hot on the heels of increases in the price of fried rice.

### SHADO

The price of fried rice, once 10p extra, has now soared to 50p in some parts of the country



A Chinese takeaway yesterday

**MORE SHITE: Pages 2 to 52**

# BIG TITS ARE BACK

BIG boobs are bouncing back, according to a survey out today.

And that's good news for people with big knockers, like the woman in this photograph. For considerable cleavages such as hers are set to make a comedy comeback. For the full story turn to page 9.

There's also a colourful comeback for that miserable sod POSTMAN PLOD. Plus SPOILT BASTARD, MODERN PARENTS, MILLIE TANT and many more.



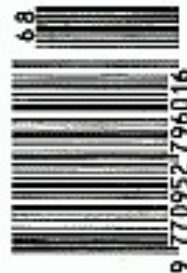
caughtripper.com

NEW COLUMN STARTS TODAY

# Littlecock



Little cock  
**BIG**  
opinion





**I MAY NOT HAVE A GOB  
BUT I'LL BITE YOUR  
FUCKING HEAD OFF!**

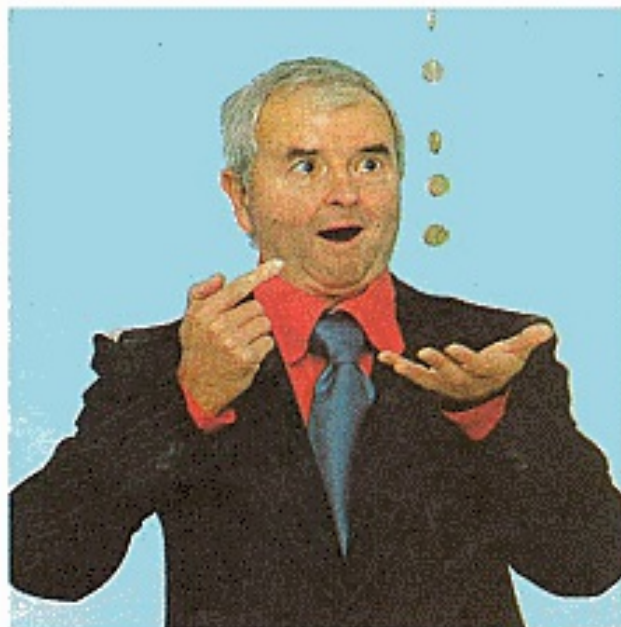


**RISE**  
OF THE ROBOTS



# WIN £5 CASH PLAYING BIG MONEY SNAP!

With TV's  
**RODNEY BEWES**



We're giving away **FIVE POUNDS** in our fabulous new big money game **SNAP!** hosted by your telly favourite, former Basil Brush host **Rodney Bewes**.

And it's more than *likely* that former 'Likely Lad' Rodney will be bringing a smile to one lucky reader's face, for the winner of our first game will collect our jackpot prize of *five pounds for life!*

Playing **£5 SNAP** is simple. Every comic has got a different **SNAP!** card, chosen entirely at random, printed on the bottom of page 3. That is your own personal card. Cut it out, remember what it is, and keep it handy as you read through the comic.

As you are reading, from time to time Rodney will pop up holding a **SNAP!** card. The instant he appears, check to see if your card matches his. If it does you may be a winner.

Speed is of the essence, so a quick reaction is essential. Write the word 'SNAP!' as quickly as you can, in bold capital letters, on a postcard, together with your name and address, and send it to: "SNAP!", Viz, P.O. Box 1PT, Newcastle upon Tyne NE99 1PT. The first postcard we receive will be the winner.

\*£5 cash for life guarantees means that we will look after the £5 on behalf of the winner so that they don't spend it, or lose it. The judges' decision is final. No correspondence will be entered into. This competition is not open to Rodney Bewes, his family or friends, or our postman. The Promoter denies all knowledge of this competition.



★ Sexy Sarah just loves to get her tits out. *Blue tits* that is. For this leggy lovely's hobby is *robbin'* bird's nests and sitting on their eggs. "It's a big thrill for my Fanny", she says. Her dog Fanny that is. For the puppy loves to eat the tiny birds after they've hatched. While climbing a tree curvy Clare decided to *branch out* into modelling. And you'd have to be *barking* mad not to want to go out on a *limbs* like hers! You'd be in cloud *cuckoo* land if you ended up in this chick's love nest, be-leaf you me!

## CROSS THE X NIPPLE

Yes, we're giving away an expensive jacket to the winner of our Cross the Nipples competition. As you can see, our page 3 lovely's nipples have been removed. Using your skill and judgement, and your knowledge of women's tits, simply place a cross where you think her nipples should be. Make your two crosses, then cut out the coupon and send it to: Cross the Nipples, Viz, P.O. Box 1PT, NE99 1PT, to arrive through our letterbox. The winner will be the person the centre of whom's crosses appear closest to the position of the nipples as judged by our competition officials. They will receive an expensive green and white 'yachting' jacket, only worn once, size 'large'.

YOUR UNIQUE PERSONAL SNAP!  
CARD IS PRINTED BELOW

MR. PIG the BUTCHER





OH, TIMMY, DON'T SAY THAT, MY LITTLE PETAL.

NO, I MEANT IT PERHAPS IF I WAS DYING, YOU'D TAKE SOME NOTICE OF ME, YOU SELFISH POO & TOILET.

"I'M AS HEAVY AS A HITTEN. I THINK I'VE GOT SOME CANCER IN MY TUMMY... IT MUST BE ALL THE RUBBISHY FOOD YOU COOK AND MAKE ME EAT ON MY DOD!"

ON THIRTY... IT'S SUCH A LONG WALK DOWN, I'M SCARED

COME ON, THESE PEOPLE HAVE PAID GOOD MONEY TO SEE YOU

WELL YOU HEARD THE DOCTOR, WOMAN... IT'S IN A CORNER, I SWEAT SHAKING THEM AND SORRY GIGGS HERE NOW... AND TELL THE LOCAL RUMORS ABOUT IT.

...AND WHILE YOU'RE AT IT GET ME A TAVED GOOD WILL MESSAGE FROM ARNOLD

SCHMALZER/REUTERS







# Mrs. Brady Old Lady





# LetterBucks

## Slippers slip up

Market traders in our local high street please note. The apostrophe in "Slipper's £1.99" should not be there. A possessive apostrophe is used to indicate when an item or items belong to a person or object. For instance, Jim's slippers belong to Jim. Your tatty fluorescent sign would therefore imply that the slippers own £1.99. If you wish to advertise something in the plural, simply append the letter 's' to the end of the word, e.g. Slippers.

Miss N. Picker  
Berwick



LETTERBUCKS  
Via P.O. Box 1PT  
Newcastle upon Tyne  
NE99 1PT

## On your Marks

Regarding Mark Hopkinson, the bloke from Leeds who was slugging Viz off in the last issue. He sounds like a Mark Hopkinson I once dated. I was his first girlfriend. I remember him well, as his penis was smaller than a cocktail sausage and he only had one testicle. As I recall he could never get a hard-on, and I'm certain that he was a pillow biter. The last time I saw him he was standing outside a dirty bookshop in Leeds reading some smutty shirt-lifter's rag. He was by far and away the worst shag I ever had.

M. Bonin  
London EC2

Yes, I'm almost certain that's the same bloke I went out with. I slept with him on two occasions. The first time he only lasted two seconds. The next time he tried thinking about a field full of rotten cabbages and his performance improved dramatically, lasting all of two and a half pumps.

Carol Pope  
Maghull, Merseyside



Twenty-two years ago when I first met my wife she was going out with the singer Brian Ferry. Well, if Mr Ferry happens to be reading this he can fucking well have her back now.

A.T.  
Newcastle

## My wife next whore

As a married man I used to fantasise about the thrill of having sex with a prostitute, but I never dared try it. Well now I get the best of both worlds. First, I put a red bulb in my wife's bedside lamp, then told her to chew gum and appear disinterested during sex. She charges me £20 for hand relief (£30 topless), and £50 for full sex. Our love life has never been so exciting. In order to add a little extra authenticity my 18 year old son acts as her 'pimp', calling her his 'bitch', keeping most of the money and interrupting our 'sessions' if they run slightly over time.

Mr S. Birch  
Croydon



If Desmond Morris is such an expert on 'body language' how come he's got such a ridiculous haircut and dresses like a child molester?

Tom Chatterton  
London SE22

If you're wrong or if you're right  
Take your trousers off and shite

## You know where to stick 'em

'Countdown' has got to be my favourite TV programme. But to make it more interesting, why doesn't Carol Vorderman keep the consonants up her fanny and the vowels up her arse. The contestants would then have to ask for a "cuntsonant" or a "bowel", and the show could be re-titled 'Cuntdown'.

James Rae  
Glasgow

With regards to ze German town of 'Wank' which you found so amusing in your last issue. On a recent holiday een Eengland I stopped to take zis photo of ein highly amusing town name sign. You see, in my country ze vird 'Bolton' means 'shitty arsehole'.

Jurgen Muller  
Munich, Germany



What a rip-off these 'press on towels' are. It takes at least a dozen of them just to dry my arse.

R. Blackett  
Peterlee

Congratulations on your choice of eye-catching 'soaks through the page' purple ink in issue 67. Readers were able to enjoy cartoons twice, first when they read them, and then again when they turned the page over. Another technical improvement would be printing the comic on lavatory paper so that in future I could flush it straight down the toilet.

Diamid Campbell  
Cambridge (not the university)



I realise I have missed your Viz character look-a-like competition, but is there any chance of a late entry for this Malcolm from Modern Parents look-a-like. He's even got the teeth. Do I win £5?

Mike Davies  
Wirral

## L-plates for jail baits

It's all well and good the Government introducing exams and tests for school children, and making driving tests more difficult. But how about a sexual proficiency test for school leavers? I went to bed with a 16 year old girl the other week and quite frankly she didn't have a clue what she was doing. It's no wonder Britain is lagging so far behind countries like Holland and Taiwan when half the girls leaving school can't tell their tits from their arses.

R. Jones  
Bingley

## Hey diddle diddle

In issue 67, the item about the Moon, you claim that cows cannot jump over the Moon. What codswallop. I own six calves who are only three weeks old and already they can jump over the 100 foot oak tree in their field. I'm prepared to bet you or any of your so-called readers a tenner they'll be able to jump over the Moon by the time they're fully grown.

Mrs J. Mills  
Clearview Farm, Horam



So, Madonna has been voted the Least Sexy Woman in the world by the astute readers of Smash Hits magazine. Well, that's good news for the likes of Clare Short MP. I may not read Smash Hits, but I certainly know which one I'd rather have licking my bell end.

D. Lombard  
Colchester



How about this for an unusual picture request. I challenge you to find a picture of Gloria Hunniford grinning broadly as she stabs a Zulu warrior with a spear!

T. Cake  
Breadbin

\* That was some challenge, Mr Cake. After searching high and low we eventually had to admit defeat. The best we could do was this shot of Gloria stabbing a Masai tribesman. You win fair and square, and the £100 prize money is on its way to you.



I have been driving for over twenty years, and have never indicated either left or right in all that time. Why should I? It's nobody else's business where I'm going. I don't care where the person in front of me is going. He could be going to Timbuktu for all I care. So why should I have to tell the bloke behind me where I'm heading. He can mind his own bloody business.

R. Heart  
Reading



I enjoy watching pro-celebrity golf and tennis, but how about pro-celebrity boxing? I would gladly pay £25 to watch Jonathon King slug it out for ten rounds with Frank Bruno.

A. Anderson  
Hull

The police seem to think it's alright to put cameras anywhere they please in order to take photographs of our cars. Fair enough. Then I'm sure they won't mind if we hide in a tree and take a few photographs of their wives getting undressed through the bedroom window.

A. Fellows  
Aston

## TOP TIPS

MAKE cheap but effective baby rattles by gluing a lollipop stick to an empty matchbox, then filling it with ten woodlice.

Ms. G. M. Dowd  
Wigan

FOR those who haven't got enough money for two weeks holiday, go for one week and don't go to bed.

Christopher 'Monty' Heading  
Aged 8, Nottingham

FOIL pick pockets by placing a freshly toasted 'Pop Tart' in each pocket. Would-be thieves will quickly rupture the fragile pastry and receive nasty finger burns from the steaming hot jam inside.

P. Turner  
Liverpool L17

## No Smoke without fire

I wish people would stop taking the piss out of Smoke. They are my favourite group, and better than any of the so-called 'super groups' such as the Rolling Stones. They are a really nice bunch of guys too. I should know, they used to live next door to me.

Alice Wright  
Stoke



This lesbian disease seems to be spreading to all our TV soaps nowadays. Is this really the sort of thing we want our families to watch? The BBC should bring back Dirty Den. He'd give these lesbians a bloody good seeing to. That would sort them out.

D. Fireplace  
Ipswich

AVOID 'red eye' when taking flash photographs by sticking a small piece of black tape over the flash bulb on the front of your camera.

D. Burton  
Felling

AVOID burns from a hot iron by placing the garment over a hot ring on the electric cooker, and then rubbing it with a cold iron.

M. T.  
Greenwich

STEAL money from flat-mates by borrowing £5 then moving to Fife. (If you live in Fife, move to South Fife).

Anon.  
Fife

SET UP a Haagen Das ice cream franchise next door to your local Weight Watchers clinic. Give away freebies to slim people and watch the fat fuckers squirm.

D. R.  
Croydon

If God is in all places at all times then that means he's constantly in Paul Raymond's Revue Bar in Soho. Perhaps these so-called 'Christians' could explain what in the Devil's name he is doing there?

K. Green  
London W11

I refer to Mr B. Mink's letter (Issue 66) enquiring about the availability of large melting pots. I am presently involved in an equally ambitious project, as I hope to teach the entire world to sing in perfect harmony. Having achieved this I should then like to hold the entire population of 4 or 5 billion in my arms, and keep them company. The next stage of the project will be to build the world a home and furnish it with love. Do any of your readers know where I could purchase large quantities of apple trees and honey bees and snow white turtle doves?

A. N. Seeker  
Greenwich

## What'll yule be doing this Christmas?

I cannot decide whether to stay at home, visit my parents, or go across to the in-laws on Christmas Day. I wonder whether other readers have decided what they are doing this year?

D.B.  
Bromley

CONFUSE shopkeepers by buying a sheet of wrapping paper and asking them to wrap it.

D. Treloar  
Wandsworth

A SIMPLE pocket calculator placed alongside your television is a constant source of amusement. Watch your friends' faces as they try in vain to change the TV channel with it.

P. T.  
Aigburth

A LENGTH of plastic drainpipe with a roller skate attached to each end makes an ideal 'car' for snakes.

G. Dorson  
Skipton

TELEPHONE salesmen. Increase company profits by reversing the charges whenever you call a customer. Invariably they'll accept the call, thinking it may be a relative in distress.

A. E.  
London

## SUBSCRIPTIONS

Why not subscribe to Viz? You'll get every issue delivered to your door hot off the presses, and you'll save absolutely fuck all. Because a year's subscription costs exactly the same as buying Viz in the shop. £7.50 for six issues. The only difference is that we get all the money, and the shopkeeper doesn't get any. An overseas subscription costs £11.50. For extra copies see below.

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Right then. Down to business. How are you going to pay? Tick one:

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## OR ORDER VIZ FROM YOUR NEWSAGENTS

Dear Newsagent

Please keep me a copy of Viz (every two months). If I want anything else, like sweets, cigarettes or greeting cards, I'll ask for them when I come in. Thanks.

Name .....

For details of the forthcoming TOP TIPS book turn right this instant to page 15...



MOTORISTS. If the driver behind is too close, simply pull on the handbrake. This will not activate your brakelights, and he will have no warning that you are about to stop. Watch his face in your rear view mirror as his car slams into the back of you.

D. Campbell  
Cambridge (not the university)

BOMB disposal experts' wives. Keep hubby on his toes by packing his lunchbox with plasticine and an old alarm clock.

E. F.  
Chester-le-Street

STAR Trek security officers. If you have never appeared in the programme before and suddenly Captain Kirk asks you to join a landing party beaming down to a planet surface, make an excuse. Do not go, as if you do invariably you will be killed.

T. Hooper  
Bristol

DRIVERS. When approaching a green light slow down and stop, in case Billy Idol is coming the other way on a motorbike.

W. Kirkpatrick  
Texteth

CITY gents. Simulate the thrills of ski jumping by leaning forward and placing your umbrella under your arm next time you go down an escalator.

Matty  
Liverpool

SAVE money on expensive tickets to 'open air festivals' next summer. Simply put up a tent in your own back garden, piss up the side of it, and steal your own shoes.

Simone Glover  
Tottenham N15







Another sensational ROYAL EXCLUSIVE in your load of jizz Viz!

# YOBS!

## Windsor's night of shame

Members of the Royal Family have been carpeted by the Queen after a celebration pub crawl ended in mayhem and violence in a boozy nightclub brawl.

Diners at the posh Muchos Millionaires Nitespot and Mexican diner in Windsor, Berks, were stunned when members of the Royal Family gatecrashed a private function and demanded booze. A heated argument broke out between the Duke of Edinburgh and one diner, and the guest later claimed he was punched in the face by the Queen Mother.

### DESTRUCTION

The rowdy Royals left a trail of destruction in their wake as the blue-blooded boozers painted the town red. It is believed they were celebrating a successful day's horse racing. Trouble flared in several pubs and the Royal party were refused drink in at least one town centre bar.

# Bender ends in Royals wreck

Things got out of hand when staff at the Blue Monkey refused them service. As landlord Malcolm Howard explains.

### SPIRITS

"They came in at about 7pm and were in high spirits. I'd say they were merry, but certainly not causing any bother. Prince Charles signed a few autographs for the locals, and the Duke of Edinburgh was playing pool. But it was 'happy hour' and treble spirits only cost a pound before 8pm. They were knocking them back

like there was no tomorrow. By 7.30 I decided they'd had enough, and I asked them if they would leave. Some of my regulars were being offended by the strong language they were using".

### BEERS

"Prince Charles ignored me and asked for another round of trebles. His voice was

Duchess of Kent and a couple of others turned up just after pub closing time", he told us.

"I told them if they calmed down they could come inside. But they'd only been in the place twenty minutes when I was called to break up a fight on the dance floor involving Prince Charles."

According to one eye witness

## Queen Mother punched diner in face after row erupted over 'ginger top' insult

slurred and his manner was aggressive. He took out a five pound note and pointed at the Queen. "Do you know who that is?" he said. "That's my f---ing mum that is". I told him he'd had enough, and that he should leave. Eventually they went, although we later discovered six pool balls were missing and there was urine in one of the pockets of the table".

### WINES

The group of Royal yobs later made their way to the nightclub where the doorman Dave Watson recognised them. "We had a private function on that night but we have a policy of letting Royals in because they're good for business, and you don't expect their sort to cause trouble". Dave recognised at least five Royals as the party rolled up the street, singing and carrying on. "Prince Charles, the Duke of Edinburgh, Princess Margaret and the Duke and

Charles had been talking to a group of girls when a scuffle broke out. Tina Harper had been sitting with friends when the heir to the throne approached them. "He was really obnoxious, walking from girl to girl and asking if they know who he was? He

BY OUR ROYAL CORRESPONDENTS  
THE ALAN RODGERS CONNECTION

the arm and tried to kiss her, but her boyfriend stepped in and a couple of punches were thrown. Charles fell, knocking over several drinks. I don't think any of the punches made contact, he was just so drunk he couldn't stand up".

### PANTIES

Worse was to follow when the Duke of Edinburgh climbed onto a table and offered £100 to any girl who would strip off down to her panties. "We were totally disgusted. They all thought it was hilarious, but no-one else did. It's not the sort of behaviour you expect from members of the Royal Family", said Tina.

### BRAS

Meanwhile, harman Brian Campbell was attempting to prevent further trouble. "Prince Philip had got into a row with a group of diners in the restaurant. He had been offering one gentleman fifty pounds to see his wife's tits. He was completely over the top. He started calling the bloke a 'canon topped bastard'. The poor guy had ginger hair and was trying to keep his cool but eventually something snapped and the geezer got up and had a go. You couldn't blame him. Next thing I knew the Queen Mother had jumped in and all hell broke loose".



Prince Charles - Fight on dance floor



Prince Philip - offered £50 to see wife's tits.

really seemed to fancy himself. He grabbed one girl by





Queen Mum - punched diner in face

## ing restaurant

Police were called but by the time they arrived the Royal party had left, leaving an estimated £5,000 worth of damage to fixtures and fittings in the club. One guest, a

### Duke of Edinburgh offered girls £100 to strip

man in his late thirties, needed hospital treatment for a broken nose. Club owner Michael Fellows says that the Royals have since offered to pay for the damage. "Charles offered to pay for everything on condition we kept the

whole thing quiet. But I refused. He even offered to buy me a new restaurant. But this isn't about money. I think it's only right people should know what their future King and his family get up to".

### GIRDLES

A Buckingham Palace spokesman yesterday confirmed that the Queen would be disciplining members of the Royal Family over the incident, although no names were mentioned. In the past fines of up to £2,000 have been levied for breaches of etiquette, and bringing the Royals into disrepute. A spokesman for the police said that so far charges had not been brought against the Queen Mother, although he confirms that the elderly Royal had been questioned by officers investigating an alleged assault.

# Tits bounce back

*Large ones set for comedy come-back*

By our Tits Correspondent  
LEE HARVEY OSWALD

The showbiz world is today buzzing with the news that big tits are set to be funny again.

For many years large breasts were considered extremely funny, reaching a peak of popularity in the mid-seventies. But comedy tastes changed and while other comedy items like sausages and cheese remained, by the end of the decade big busts were no longer considered amusing by the British public. But now the tables have turned, and experts believe ample bosoms could be set for an imminent comedy come-back.

### KISS

"Big tits are definitely funny" one TV insider told us yesterday. "For years they have been the kiss of death, but now people are starting to take notice of them again, and I think they are set to be hilarious over the next few years".

### STRYPER

One positive sign that things are looking up for big tits was the announcement that Barbara Windsor is set to appear in the BBC soap EastEnders. Saucy star of the Carry On films, Barbara's bosoms were among the biggest comedy tits of the seventies. And in November she is due to hit the screens as the Mitchell twins' TV mother.

An official EastEnders spokesman refused to be drawn on the size of Barbara Windsor's tits. "We're delighted Barbara has joined the cast. She's a very talented and popular actress and we're sure her character will be a hit with the viewers", he said.

### WIZARD

However one high ranking insider confirmed that Barbara's big tits are being seen as a secret weapon in the battle for viewers. "Obviously Barbara has been recruited first and foremost for her talent as an actress", he told us. "But having said that, the



Babs - Big boobs

big tits are there, and I'd be a liar if I said we won't be using them for comedy effect whenever we can".

Other people with big tits include Dolly Parton, Dawn French, Kate Bush and Raquel Welch.



A girl with big tits in the seventies



**Colin**  
**CONTROVERSIAL**  
The man who dares SAY IT

### Roy Castle brave? Rubbish

How many times in these last few weeks have we been told what a brave man Roy Castle was? What on earth was brave about dying of lung cancer? As far as I was aware he didn't have any choice.

It is brave men like Walt Disney, Yul Brynner and Nat 'King' Cole, men who

chose to smoke, and in so doing gave their lives, that we should admire.

We should pay tribute to their bravery, and not the cowardly actions of a man who throughout his life didn't have the guts to puff on a single cigarette.

### Her Royal Highness the QUEER Mother

Everyone heaps praise on the Queen Mum. They talk about her lovely smile, her radiant looks, her wonderful hats. I often wonder whether I'm looking at the same woman.

Has no-one noticed what awful teeth she's got?

All the other female Royals; the Queen, Princess Anne, and even Fergie, have all

got fellas. But not the Queen Mother. Perhaps there's something we haven't been told.

We all know she's a fan of horse racing. Well I'd say it was a good each way bet that this nag's queer!

### They must have said something

Let's face it, those Jews in the war must have said something pretty nasty to Hitler. After all, even a Nazi would have to be bloody annoyed to murder six million people.

We obviously don't know the full story. So let's not jump to any conclusions until we get all the facts.

There. I've said it.



# We're giving away 100 PAN HANDLES!

# VIZ

## RED HOT!

# THE PAN HANDLE

The most outstanding  
parts of issues 53 to 57



NOT FOR SALE TO CHILDREN



A SIZZLING CASSEROLE of classic comic cuts  
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Lain, Student Fanny, Mr  
Brady Old Lady, Billy the Fish,  
Jump Jet Fanny, Filly and his

Amazing: Underpants, Roger  
Anderson, The Crisis, Earl  
Conrad, more delicious, the  
Bum Patent, Marmite, Corn,  
Middlestone, Raining, Pops  
Three School plus many more  
far too dreadful to mention...

The **PAN HANDLE** is the brand new compilation annual due in the shops  
on the 13th of October. Rather than pay the exorbitant cover price of  
£6.99 you can get your copy **FREE** by simply winning this competition.

## NAME THE FRAME GAME

Here are ten frames taken from cartoons featured in the new book. And  
below is a list of ten cartoon titles. All you have to do is match each cartoon  
panel to its correct title. Piece of piss.

Send your list of titles, numbered 1 to 10, on a postcard (or sealed down  
envelope), together with your own name and address, to: PAN HANDLE,  
Viz, P.O. Box 1PT, Newcastle upon Tyne NE99 1PT. (Closing date November  
30th). If we have more than 100 correct entries the winning 100 will be  
drawn out of a hat. Or a box at any rate. Or perhaps a bin liner.

**JUMP JET FANNY  
FISHERMAN SAM  
BIFFA BACON  
STUDENT GRANT  
FRANKENSTEIN'S COCK  
ROGER MELLIE  
PAGE THREE SCHOOL  
SHERLOCK HOMO  
PAT-A-CAKE PETE  
BILLY THE FISH**

The Pan Handle is available from WHSMITH  
and all good book and record shops priced £6.99  
on sale from 13th October





**THE BIG FAT SLAGS BOOK** is on sale now from all good book and record shops and from selected crappy ones as well, priced £5.99.







# The MODERN PARENTS









# Arschhole Kate



## It's time these quacks piped down

### Toast to the brave

AS WE approach Christmas I believe the time is right to pay tribute to a group of people whose bravery is so often overlooked. Drink drivers. So often a target for the knockers and the boo boys, here is a group of single-minded men and women who are prepared to risk imprisonment, injury or even death for something in which they believe. A simple thing called drinking and driving.

I propose a toast to these brave men and women. And afterwards I shall be driving home.

There's been a lot of talk about how smoking killed Roy Castle. What a load of nonsense. Smoking is good for you. Ask any doctor.

I wish these scaremongers would pipe down. They're the same nutcases who tell us to swing our heads from side to side every time we wish to cross the road, and that we mustn't turn right on motorways.

### INTENTION

Well I've got news for them. I'll drive in any direction I want to drive. And I have every intention of stopping occasionally to have a cigarette.

## WARDROBE WYATT

The voice of alzheimer's disease

## How long must the killers carry the can?

The I.R.A. have been given a pretty rough ride by certain sections of the media over the last few years.

They have been made scapegoats for the murders and bombings which they have committed.

It's easy to lay blame for appalling terrorist crimes at the door of those who carried them out. We could

condemn these killings until the cows come home, and further. But aren't we closing the barn door after

the horse has already been bolted? Isn't it about time we considered putting the cart before the horse, instead of counting chickens that have already been layed? Let's call a spade a kettle. Some things are easier said than done. Unfortunately, murder is one of them.

## HOORAY FOR HOLLYWOOD

A lot has been written about the bizarre marriage of Michael Jackson to Elvis Presley. It's pure Hollywood, isn't it. It couldn't happen anywhere else.

The cheap talk has been about a marriage of convenience, a cover-up aimed at glossing over Jackson's sexual indiscretions with kids, monkeys and dwarfs. Such garbage doesn't bear repeating.

### Millions

Michael Jackson's music has brought joy to millions. And to many Elvis remains the King, long after his tragic slaying. I have nothing but contempt for the man who shot Elvis, and my heart goes out to the children and monkeys.

But isn't it time we let bygones be bygones, and allowed this tragic couple to live the remainder of their all too short lives in peace?



Michael Jackson in 1972 yesterday.

## LET'S GIVE THESE KILLERS A BREAK

There's been a lot of cheap criticism levelled at child murderers in certain newspapers lately. These people are an easy target for the knockers. But I think we should give them their fair dues.

### Murderers

They provide stories for the press and work for the police. And in this day and age that's not bad going. Why not give the child

murderers and sex fiends a break, and try having a go at a smaller target for a change, like the young children on whom they prey. Invariably these children are no angels themselves.



# SILENCE OF THE SIXTIES BEAT GROUPS

Surviving stars of the sixties beat era were today remaining tight lipped over allegations that top recording artists of the day experimented with gruesome act of cannibalism.

The stories, which originate from an unknown source, claim the top acts of the era got together for regular flesh eating orgies, staying up late at night, drinking and eating dismembered human bodies.

## IDOLS

Their victims were teenage fans who innocently followed the groups back to hotels in search of autographs. Minders would invite selected girls to join their idols in a hotel bedroom where they would be murdered by the stars who would then greedily feast on their flesh.

## LIARS

Observers fear that up to two hundred 'missing persons' who disappeared during the sixties and remain unaccounted for may have been killed in this way by groups such as Brian Poole and the Tremeloes. The Tremeloes enjoyed a string of hits in the early sixties, topping the chart in September 1963 with 'Do You Love Me'.

## GRAHAMS

One mother whose daughter has not disappeared yesterday sympathised with the parents of children possibly murdered by the sixties beat groups. "The longer this goes on the more these people

## Stars tight lipped over cannibal claims

suffer", she told us. "It's the not knowing which is the most painful thing. If only these people would come forward and tell the truth, and put an end to this suffering".

## JOELS

Gerry Marsden, who with his beat combo The Pacemakers set Merseyside dance floors alight thirty years ago, refused to discuss the fate of



Gerry & the Pacemakers.  
No comment on flesh  
eating orgy allegations.

innocent teenage fans whose bodies may have been eaten alive in stomach churning ritualistic orgies of sexual violence. Gerry and the Pacemakers were of course best known for the Liverpool anthem 'Ferry Across The Mersey', one of seven top twenty hits the group enjoyed. The Merseybeats were another successful male vocal/instrumental group of the era whose impressive chart record is now left

clouded by these most shocking of allegations.

## CRYSTALS

The sixties beat explosion focused strongly on Merseyside with The Beatles enormous success paving the way for a host of other fresh faced local groups. There is however no evidence to suggest that The Beatles themselves were ever involved in acts of cannibalism.

A spokesman for an electrical shop near the Merseyside home of Gerry Marsden yesterday denied having supplied the veteran singer with any fridges big enough to keep a human head in. "I didn't know he lived round here", he told us. "I certainly don't recall selling him a fridge". If kept refrigerated the flesh from a human head could remain edible for two to three days.



## Di-abolical disgrace!

Princess Diana is facing calls to quit after being seen having sex with a tramp inside a public call box.

Dirty Di has so far coped with criticism levelled at her after porn pictures and stillating tapes had emerged in the press. But this latest stunning blow could put an end to her 17 stormy years as a Royal.

## LURID

The lurid sex scene was witnessed by Iris Woodpenny, a retired civil servant, near her home in Buxton, Derbyshire. "I noticed Di hanging around the phone box opposite my house after dark. She was larking about, smoking and talking to a group of boys. It occurred to me that she shouldn't be out at that time of night - it was after nine o'clock."

## Dirty Di sinks to all time low

After the group had gone Mrs. Woodpenny went out to inspect the phone box and see if it had been vandalised. "I thought it was empty but when I opened the door there was Di having sex with a tramp on the floor, for five pounds".

This latest revelation is sure to cause outrage at the Palace where Di's previous indiscretions have not gone unnoticed. And there are bound to be calls for her resignation.

## LUREX

"Having sex in a phone box is bad enough, but with a tramp, and for five pounds, is totally irresponsible", a Palace insider told us last night.

## DUREX

Should Di quit? YOU decide. Call our special hotline and tell us what YOU think.

YES - Dial  
(091) 212 121 3

NO - Dial  
(091) 21 21 213

Calls will be charged at normal BT rates.



How easily can showbiz wives swipe the stars' assets?

# D.I.V.O.R.C.E. spells JACKPOT!

The break-up of any marriage is a tragedy for all concerned. And our heartfelt sympathies go out to Phil and Jill Collins at this difficult time.

The fact that Phil is now free to play the field and pull a fantastic fat titted young bird is precious little consolation for the heartache and pain that the millionaire singer has endured. And for Phil's wife Jill a cool £40 million slice of the old man's action can never begin to replace what she has lost. Although it could come in pretty handy.

## JUMBO

Jill's jumbo pay-off will send cash registers ringing all over showbusiness, with eager wives eying up bank balances with a view to divorce. So just how easy would it be for the wives of the stars to get their hands on their hubbies' assets? We asked our special undercover reporter **Mandy Morrisroe** to find out by calling the stars and pretending to be their wives. Mischievous Mandy then demanded divorce, and began haggling. Here's how she got on.

## DUMBO

**PAUL McCARTNEY** has more loot stashed away than most other pop stars put together. Over **£200 MILLION** at the last count. And without Linda, a linchpin in his band Wings, Paul would be penniless. So we figured his wife was worth £150 million. "Hello. Is that you Paul? It's me, your wife Linda McCartney", said our girl Mandy, holding a handkerchief over the phone. "Pardon?" replied Paul.

## NELLIE

"Our marriage... it isn't working, and I want a divorce", said Mandy. There was a silence on the end of the line. "I want £150 million, in cash", she continued. But Paul is a shrewd businessman, and rather than cave in to our demands, he decided to put the phone down.

## EXCLUSIVE

As James Bond actor **ROGER MOORE** often cast beautiful women by the wayside. But our Mandy



Former Bond Moore

was determined the multi-millionaire star would pay dearly to dump his real life wife Luisa. This time Mandy dropped Moore a line at his agent's office, cleverly disguising her handwriting as his wife's.

*'Dear Roger: Things are not working out between us. I think a divorce would be best and I will settle for £5 million. Love, Luisa.'*

## BABAR

Three days after posting the letter Mandy had heard nothing so she wrote again.



Sexy Mandy chats to a star



## Viz girl Mandy goes undercover with the stars

this time demanding only £1 million, and telling Roger he could see the kids at weekends. But still no reply. The former Bond was obviously shaken but not stirred by her demands.

## LITTLE BLUE

Finally, Mandy decided to call up Britain's top TV celebrity **NOEL EDMUNDS** and take the money-grabbing so-and-so for every penny he had.

**Breaking up is hard to do but it might just be worth it for forty million smackers**



No jacket required for millionaire Phil seen on one of his last dates with wife Jill.

"Hello Noel. Gill here. I'm afraid our marriage is over. Let's talk money", she said. "I want the lot". "Is this some sort of a wind up?" Edmunds replied. "Who

is that? Don't tell me, you're recording this aren't you!" "No, I'm not", replied our undercover girl. "Well fuck off then", said Edmunds.

## Four inch 'sex monkeys' wanked in my tea - says Sting

**POP** singer Sting shocked guests at a four star hotel by claiming that pint sized monkeys had masturbated into tea delivered to his room by hotel staff.

A fellow guest overheard the star's conversation with staff at the posh Sandy Bay hotel near Toronto. "Sting claimed that sex monkeys, less than four inches tall, had got into his room through a gap in the window frame", the guest told us.

## SUMMONED

Eventually hotel manager Mark Lavender was summoned to settle the dispute. He accompanied Sting to the room but could find no evidence of sex monkeys.

"There was a slight ingress of water around the aluminium window frame, but this had occurred over a period of time", he told National Enquirer magazine. "There was absolutely no way a monkey, no matter how small, could have entered the room at that point."

## REFUSED

Yesterday a hotel spokesman refused to say whether Sting had successfully negotiated a reduction in his bill over



Mr Sting last Thursday

the matter. "I am not at liberty to discuss any individual's bill. You will have to take the matter up with Mr Sting himself", we were told. Sting's best friend, former Mastermind champion Fred Housego was last night unavailable for comment.



# ROGER IRRELEVANT



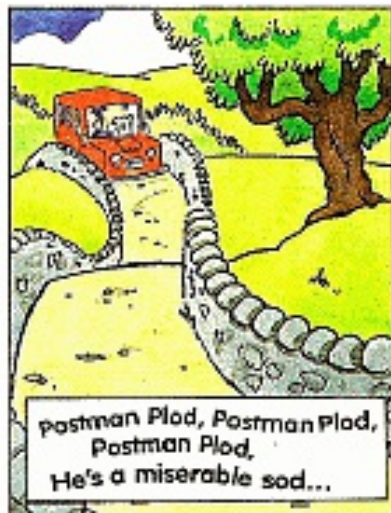
BRUNCH TIME AT ROGER'S HOME



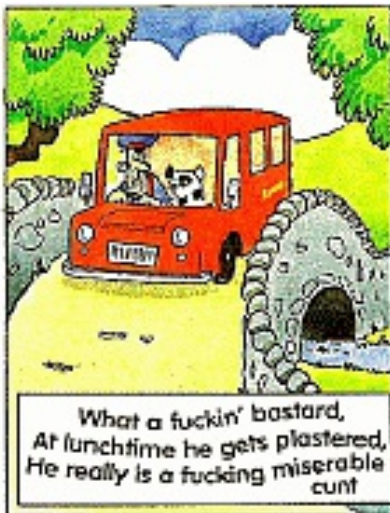


# Postman Plod

takes  
the  
Post  
Bus



postman Plod, Postman Plod,  
Postman Plod,  
He's a miserable sod...



What a fuckin' bastard,  
At lunchtime he gets plastered,  
He really is a fucking miserable cunt



Come on, Joss, in the sack,  
Plod's got a surprise for you

Woof!  
Woof!

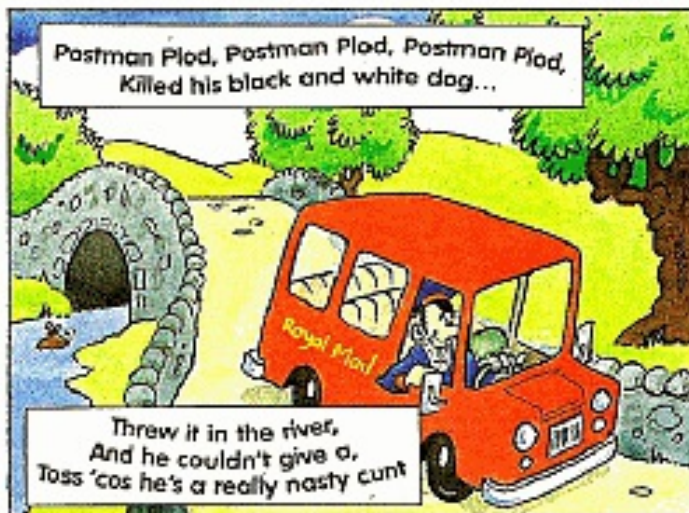


Heh Heh!



There we go. Chew my  
fuckin' slippers would you?

Yip! Yip!  
Bubble!  
Bubble!

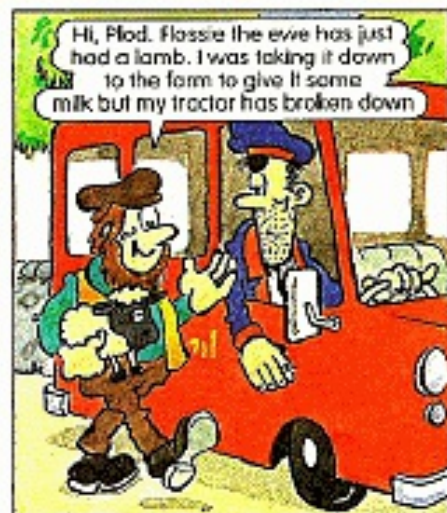


Postman Plod, Postman Plod, Postman Plod,  
Killed his black and white dog...

Threw it in the river,  
And he couldn't give a.  
Toss 'cos he's a really nasty cunt



'Elo, what's this? It's  
Peter Fegg the farmer



Hi, Plod. Flassie the ewe has just  
had a lamb. I was taking it down  
to the farm to give it some  
milk but my tractor has broken down



Don't worry, Peter. I'll take it down to Mrs Fegg  
for you. Here, I'll wrap it in my coat to keep it warm

Thanks, Plod. Take  
care of him now



There! That's my  
tea sorted out

CLICK!



I must remember to  
get some mint sauce  
from Mrs Boggins' shop



Hello, Plod. Late again. Been held up?

Oh fuckin' hell,  
Here we go







# BRITAIN'S 100 BIGGEST COCKS

Who has the biggest parts? Michael Caine or Roger Moore?  
How much have the stars got tucked away in their trousers?  
Who is packing the biggest packet?

Britain's 100 Biggest Cocks is the most eagerly awaited chart of the year. Published annually, it provides the definitive guide to whose cock is bigger than whose.

There are few surprises in this year's listings. One notable new entry is footballer Ryan Giggs, who only just started to use his cock recently, and appears in 80th position with a respectable four and half inches. Absent from the Top 100 for the first time since 1963 is Prince Charles, whose asset has been affected by adverse publicity and the break-up of his marriage.



REED...Biggest prick in Britain

- 1 **Oliver Reed**  
Film actor and drunkard 22½"
- 2 **Viscount William Whitelaw**  
Former Home Secretary 18"
- 3 **Bob Hoskins**  
Film actor 17½"
- 4 **John Prescott**  
Labour MP for Hull 17"
- 5 **Peter Carter-Ruck QC**  
Top libel lawyer 16½"
- 6 **Bernie Grant**  
Labour MP for Tottenham 16½"
- 7 **Patrick Moore**  
Astrologer 16"
- 8 **Tony Knowles**  
Snooker player 15"



KNOWLES...Lines up a long pink

- 9 **Fish out of Marillion**  
Lead singer out of Marillion 15"
- 10 **Chas Chandler**  
Pop entrepreneur and former Animal 14½"
- 11 **Jack Walker**  
Blackburn Rovers chairman and crisp magnate 14"
- 12 **Tom Farmer**  
Kwikfit chairman 14"
- 13 **Michael Caine**  
Film actor and restaurateur 13½"
- 14 **Lord Lichfield**  
Society photographer 12½"
- 15 **Bernard Matthews**  
Norfolk turkey farmer 12"
- 16 **Andrew Lloyd-Webber**  
Composer 12"
- 17 **General Sir Peter de la Billiere**  
British Forces chief 11½"
- 18 **Nigel Mansell**  
Motor racing driver 11"
- 19 **Captain Birdseye**  
Frozen fish finger magnate 10½"
- 20 **Eddie Stobart Jr.**  
Road haulage contractor 10"



PATRICK... 'Moore' than meets the eye



EVERETT...Big twat, little cock

- 21 **Len Ganley**  
Snooker referee 9½"
- 22 **Don Estelle**  
Actor 9½"
- 23 **Sir Joseph Bazooka**  
Bubble gum magnate 9"
- 24 **Tony Adams**  
Footballer 8½"
- 25 **Malcolm Hardy**  
Comedian and club owner 8"
- 26 **Tony Jacklin**  
Golfer 5½"
- 27 **Sir Terence Conran**  
Restaurateur and businessman 5"



WYMAN...No satisfaction with 5"

- 28 **Bill Wyman**  
Former Rolling Stone 5"
- 29 **Sir Henry Bic**  
Inventor of the Biro pen 5"
- 30 **Ryan Giggs**  
Footballer 4½"
- 31 **HRH The Duke of Edinburgh**  
Queen's husband 4½"
- 32 **Roger Moore**  
Film actor 4½"
- 33 **Ian Wright**  
Footballer 4"

- 34 **Jonathon Ross**  
Television presenter 3½"
- 35 **Russell Grant**  
Astronomer 3"
- 36 **Jimmy Nail**  
Actor, writer, producer, director, cameraman 2½"
- 37 **Hugh Grant**  
Actor 2½"
- 38 **Marco-Pierre White**  
Jumped up long haired cook 1½"
- 39 **Anita Roddick**  
Body Shop owner 1½"
- 40 **Ian Hislop**  
Private Eye editor and broadcaster 1½"
- 41 **Michael Winner**  
Opinionated film director 1"
- 42 **David Sullivan**  
Stumpy porn publisher 1"
- 43 **Bruiser de Cadanet**  
Twat 1"
- 44 **Rupert Everett**  
Bigger Twat 1"
- 45 **Matthew Corbett**  
Former Sooty presenter 1"
- 46 **Simon Mayo**  
Radio One breakfast DJ ½"
- 47 **Gary Bushell**  
Sun journalist ½"
- 48 **Brian Harvey**  
Singer out of East 17 ½"
- 49 **Piers Morgan**  
News of the World editor ½"
- 50 **Dennis Wise**  
Footballer ½"



WISE...Sweet F.A. for a cock

All measurements are length in inches, 'on the soft'. Whilst figures cannot be taken as a precise measurement, they have been compiled using all relevant information available to us, and can be considered to give a fair indication of who's got the biggest cock. For reasons of space only the top 25 and bottom 25 names have been included.



**YOU are the manager! Pick your dream team!**

# FANTASY EX-FOOTBALLER PUB MANAGEMENT

**The most realistic fantasy football game yet**

We've all dreamt of being a Premier League manager and picking a side to win the title. But have you ever imagined being an overweight ex-footballer managing a pub? Well now's your chance to do just that with our fantastic fantasy game that combines the thrills and spills of Premier League soccer with the action and excitement of pub management.

The aim of the game is for you, the landlord, to put on as much weight as you can in the course of a season by eating and drinking as much of your stock as you can. Your success will depend entirely upon the real-life performances of your dream team of Premiership players.

## DREAM

First, you must select your dream team to help you run the pub from the squad of Premiership players below. Instead of a transfer market value for each player we have given the hourly rate that you would have to pay them to work in your pub. Your total staff budget is £60 an hour, so you must pick a team whose hourly wages do not exceed £60.

## FISH

The scoring system is simple. Instead of points you accumulate **calories** as you pile on the pounds throughout the season. For every Premiership goal scored by one of your players, a customer who recognises you from your playing days buys you three pints of beer and a packet of peanuts. If a player scores a hat trick you get nine points, plus a treble whisky and two packets of nuts. For every 'assist' credited to one of your players you nip behind the bar and pull yourself one pint, and grab a packet of crisps. Every time your

goalkeeper keeps a clean sheet you have a lock-in and get through ten pints, six whiskies and three packets of peanuts.

## T-SHIRT

Every Saturday add up the number of Premiership points won by the eleven clubs to which your players belong. For each point you pull yourself a pint to celebrate, every evening for a week. So multiply the points total by 7 to get your points to pints total for the week. Every week calculate your net weight gain by converting your fantasy food and drink intake into calories using this table.

Pint of beer	250 calories
Packet of salted nuts	500 calories
Whisky per measure	150 calories
Packet of crisps	150 calories

For the purposes of this Fantasy Ex-Footballer Pub Management game, for every 8,000 calories you accumulate you gain 1 pound in weight.

## WET WET

To play the game simply complete the form below, naming your pub and your team of players/bar staff. Unfortunately we do not have a computer so it will be necessary for you to calculate your own results

each week and notify us by post. An updated Fantasy Ex-Footballer Pub Management league table will appear in each issue. The winner will be the landlord who has put on the most weight by the end of the

season, and he will win our first prize: An executive box for life at the Premiership club of his choice, £10 million to spend on footballers, a bucket of diamonds and a gold mine.

## Selecting your team

The Premiership players listed here are in 5 categories: Glass Collectors (GC), Cellar Men (CM), Cleaners (CL), Bar Staff (BS) and Bouncers (BO). Your team must be made up of 1 x GC, 2 x CM, 2 x CL, 4 x BS and 2 x BO. The initials after each player's name and club indicate his position: Goalkeeper (GK), Full back (FB), Centre back (CB), Midfield (MF) and Striker (ST).

When selecting glass collector (GC) it is not always advisable to choose a goalkeeper (GK). No matter how safe his hands may seem, for every Premiership goal he concedes he will drop 4 pint pots.

When choosing bar staff (BS) avoid strikers (ST). If a striker misses a penalty then your till will be out £10 at the end of the evening.

And try not to choose defenders (FB and CB) as cellar men (CM). Every time they concede a goal they allow a keg of lager to run out. And if a defender cellar man (FBCBCM) concedes a penalty then the bitter has gone off and you lose half a keg. If you select a goalkeeper as cellar man (GKCM) and he concedes a goal then he forgets to clean the lines after changing the Guinness over.

A wise choice as bouncer (BO) would be a striker (ST), but try to avoid hot-headed characters like Cantons. For if he gets booked in the Premiership he punches a customer in the face and the police are called. A red card and he is charged with causing grievous bodily harm, convicted and sentenced to 6 months community service.



Ryan Giggs



The Tankerville Arms



Eric Cantona



The Red Lion



The Black Bull

Name of pub		
Glass Collector	1	
Cellar Men	2	3
Cleaners	5	6
Bar Staff	4	7
	8	11
Bouncers	9	10
Your name	Address	
I am over 18 and have been interested in football for at least two weeks.		
Signed		

### Glass Collectors

Ryan Giggs (Man Utd) MF ST	£8.75 per hour
Jürgen Klinsmann (Spurs) ST	£8.75 per hour
John Barnes (Liverpool) MF	£8.25 per hour
Robert Lee (Newcastle) MF	£8.00 per hour
Martin Allen (West Ham) MF	£5.00 per hour
David James (Liverpool) GK	£4.25 per hour
Michael Vaughan (Man City) CB	£2.75 per hour
Mark Wright (Liverpool) CB	£2.50 per hour
Shaun Ripley (Blackburn) MF	£2.25 per hour
George Nshiri (Crystal Palace) MF	£2.25 per hour

### Cellar Men

Tin Flowers (Blackburn) GK	£8.50 per hour
Neil Reddick (Liverpool) CB	£7.00 per hour
Gary Pallister (Man Utd) CB	£5.50 per hour
Vinny Samways (Spurs) MF	£5.50 per hour
Dean Saunders (Ipswich) ST	£5.25 per hour
Tony Cottee (West Ham) ST	£4.25 per hour
Red Wallace (Leeds) ST	£3.00 per hour
Kevin Scott (Spurs) ST	£2.88 per hour
Gary Penrice (QPR) ST	£2.00 per hour
Lee Chapman (West Ham) ST	£1.25 per hour

### Cleaners

Ruel Fox (Newcastle) MF	£8.00 per hour
Tony Adams (Aston Villa) CB	£7.50 per hour
Stan Collymore (Sheff Wed) ST	£7.50 per hour
David Wase (Chelsea) MF	£6.80 per hour
Andre Kanchelskis (Man Utd) MF	£6.80 per hour
Roy Wegerle (Coventry) ST	£5.75 per hour
Carren Ardister (Spurs) MF	£5.25 per hour
John Fashanu (Villa) ST	£5.00 per hour
Steve McNamara (Liverpool) MF	£3.25 per hour
Anders Lindegaard (Everton) MF	£2.00 per hour

### Bar Staff

Matt Le Tissier (Southampton) ST	£2.00 per hour
Lee Ferdinand (QPR) ST	£1.50 per hour
David Seaman (Aston Villa) GK	£1.50 per hour
David Prosser (Chelsea) MF ST	£0.45 per hour
Nail Quinn (Man City) ST	£4.25 per hour
David Speedie (Leeds) ST	£3.00 per hour
Chris Barker (Sheff Wed) MF	£3.50 per hour
Scott Carson (Forest) MF	£2.00 per hour
Nigel Winterburn (Aston Villa) FB	£2.25 per hour
Scott Minto (Chelsea) FB	£2.25 per hour

### Bouncers

Phil Babb (Liverpool) CB	£8.00 per hour
Eric Cantona (Man Utd) ST	£8.00 per hour
Jan Molby (Liverpool) MF	£7.25 per hour
Chris Waddle (Sheff Wed) MF	£6.25 per hour
Bobby Verriest (Newcastle) CB FB	£6.50 per hour
Ian Davis (Southampton) ST	£5.75 per hour
Dennis Urwin (Man Utd) FB	£4.00 per hour
Steve Hovory (Newcastle) CB	£4.25 per hour
Chris Fairclough (Leeds) CB	£3.25 per hour
Garry Mabbitt (Spurs) CB	£2.85 per hour



# Richard

LITTLE COCK



# Littlecock

BIG OPINION

## Animal rights? Animal WRONGS!

Animal rights activists get under my collar. These so-called 'vegetarians' refuse to eat meat on the grounds that animals suffer. **Animals suffer?**

I'll tell you who suffers. People like **ME** suffer having to listen to this minority of nutcases trotting out their ill-conceived advice to the vast majority of

sensible meat-eating folk. First of all, let's get some facts straight.

### Facts

**Fact No. 1.** Animals **CANNOT** suffer pain. It simply isn't possible. You'd have more chance of hurting a cauliflower. Animals, like sheep, dogs and monkeys, do not have brains. They live like

flowers, sucking water up from the ground, and eating sunshine. Kick them, poke them, bite them. Rest assured they will feel no pain. They may jump, or make a noise, but so do trees. That proves nothing.

**Fact No. 2.** Man **CANNOT** survive by eating vegetables. If you try to survive on vegetables alone, you will die.

Simple as that. You might just as well try living on a diet of popcorn.

**Fact No. 3.** Eggs do **NOT** come from hens.

They are the facts. Now, would the long-haired idiots who persist in screaming "murder" every time someone kills a pig please shut up while I have a bacon sandwich. Thank you.

## It's time to blow our own trumpets

The late great Roy Castle will be sadly missed.

In fact he will be missed a damn sight more than most of us realise. He was brave, he was funny, he was kind, he was caring. But more than all those things Roy Castle could play the trumpet.

Britain needs men who can

play the trumpet. In an age where wealth has become all important, where respect for others is sadly lacking, where soap operas mean more to us than real life, now more than ever before we need to play the trumpet.

### Trumpets

In the past trumpet players

were two a penny. Kenny Ball. Young men joined the army to fight, and to play the trumpet. Night clubs were packed with people dancing, and playing the trumpet. Trumpet factories worked overtime as Britain rode the crest of a musical wave. But now that wave has broken. And among the frothy swirls of salt water which lap

at our feet, licking the sand from between our toes, there is no longer the sound of trumpets.

Britain needs trumpet players. We owe it to ourselves to learn the trumpet. For without trumpet players the sound of the trumpet will die. Like the late Roy Castle.

## King's Crossed wires

Stunned train travellers stood in silence as they listened to their future King having oral sex over a passenger announcement system yesterday.

Commuters at Kings Cross awaiting news of cancellations or delays couldn't believe their ears when instead they heard the unmistakable sound of Prince Charles having oral sex with his mistress Camilla Parker-Bowles.

"It was unbelievable", said one passenger. "It's not the behaviour you'd expect from a future King", he added.

### TRAIN

Charles' cock-up occurred after his Royal train broke down and he was offered the use of a room at the station until it was mended. According to an insider the passionate Prince smuggled his old flame into the room in a laundry basket. "The minute heads were turned she popped out and the pair of them got straight down to business", we were told.

"An incident did occur at Kings Cross station involving Prince Charles and Camilla Parker-Bowles", said a brief official statement released by British Rail yesterday. "Unfortunately Prince Charles switched a microphone on by



A red faced Camilla leaving Kings Cross

mistake whilst having oral sex with Camilla Parker-Bowles on an office desk" it added.

"I don't think he should be King any more", said one dithering old lady we spoke to yesterday. Do **YOU** think Charles is fit to be King after having oral sex at Kings Cross station? Why not call us and tell us what **YOU** think.

For **YES** - Ring  
(091) 2 12 12 13

For **NO** - Ring  
(091) 2 121 21 3

Your calls will be charged at normal BT rates.

## Commuters get an earful of Charles's mouthfull



## Tree profits up

Trees have announced a pre-tax profit of £265 million for the last fiscal year. The figure is almost double last year's profit and as a result wood prices soared on the markets yesterday.

Shelves were up 40p to £2.90 and for the first time ever broom handles were changing hands for £4.00 each.

Meanwhile, there was bad news for sparrows who announced a record loss of over £10 million. Sparrows have been badly hit by an increase in the weather lately, however one leading city analyst predicted a slow recovery. "All the early signs are that sparrows will rebuild and consolidate over the coming months. In 1994 sparrows look an attractive proposition to foreign investors, compared to uncertainty in other sectors such as thatched roofs and static electricity. I can see a gradual recovery taking shape over the next six to twelve months".



# The Kilted Cowboy



When an anonymous distress call landed in his chuck tin in the shape of a tattooed pink salmon, highland gunslinger Shane McDougall knew that trouble was afoot. At sunrise he saddled up Troy, his faithful stainless steel swordfish, and set off downstream in search of adventure. But the further they rode, the rougher the river became.



Shane was riding the rodeo of his life, skipping over the jagged rocks which infested the raging torrent of water beneath him. Then disaster struck. Troy's bayonet-like fish beak became wedged in the rocks, and the mighty iron fish was flipped upwards into the air. Like a tiny tartan rag doll his helpless rider was tossed into the crashing waves.



But just as the force of the waves was about to suck him to his certain death the six-gun slinging Scotsman managed to free his lasso. In a desperate bid for safety he slung the rope above his head. Time was running out as Shane's legs disappeared over the edge of the waterfall. "If I can just manage to rope that bonnie wee branch", he said.



As he neared the bottom the sound of crashing water was almost deafening. All around him was an icy inferno of exploding waves and razor sharp rocks. Suddenly something caught the cowboy's eye. "What in darnation is this?" he pondered, peering into a dark hole that was only just visible behind the powerful, pounding wall of water.



Suddenly they hit rapids. "There's only one thing for it, pardner", said Shane as he switched his rustproof robotic fish into 'Rodeo' mode. Like a bucking bronco it leapt upwards. "Hold tight bonnie fishy", he yelled above the sound of the roaring river. "Yee ha! We'll ride these cotton pickin' rapids if it's the last thang we dee, the noo".



"Holy gumsmoke!" cried the dismounted desperado as the gushing waves of ice cold water swept him away. "Wi'oot ma mechanical beast I'm in mighty big trouble". He was right. For a few yards further down the river was an enormous raging waterfall. "I'm doomed", thought Shane as he heard the thunderous pounding of water on the jagged rocks below.



His spinning rope twisted and snaked through the air towards the tiny branch on the river bank. "Yeeeee hah!" whooped the wet western highlander as his flying noose found its mark, snaring the branch which overhung the river. The noose tightened, and clinging on for dear life Shane began to lower himself down the face of the waterfall to safety.



Shane took a deep breath and dove through the crashing silver torrent and into the darkness beyond. "Hoots diggety dawg!" he exclaimed. The kilted cowboy could barely believe his eyes. For behind the cascading crystal curtain he found himself in a small, dark cave. And there, nestled in the corner, was a hidden haul of stolen Nazi gold!

What is the secret of the hidden Nazi gold? Will Shane unravel the mystery of the tattooed fish? Fuck knows. But you can find out in the next issue. Probably.







# JIMMY'S JAMJAR GRANDPA

YOUNG JIMMY JACKSON WAS THE ENVY OF HIS SCHOOL FRIENDS, FOR HIS GRANDPA WORKED AT THE LOCAL JAM FACTORY AND OFTEN BROUGHT GIANT JARS OF JAM HOME FOR JIMMY TO EAT TO HIS HEART'S CONTENT...



BUT THEN ONE DAY JIMMY'S WORLD FELL APART...

BAD NEWS, JIMMY! GRANDPA WAS CAUGHT STEALING JAM FROM THE FACTORY THIS AFTERNOON AND THE SECURITY GUARD WAS FORCED TO SHOOT HIM DEAD.



AFTER THE CREMATION...

NEVER MIND, JIMMY! GRANDPA'S STILL WITH YOU IN SPIRIT!



GRANDPA'S GOING TO BE WITH ME IN MORE THAN SPIRIT, READERS. HE'S GOING TO BE IN THIS EMPTY JAMJAR AS WELL! HEH, HEH, HEH!



TA-DA! IT'S JUST LIKE HAVING GRANDPA BACK AGAIN!



I'VE GOT A FEELING THAT ME AND MY JAMJAR GRANDPA ARE SET FOR A SERIES OF PREDICTABLE ADVENTURES IN THE IMMEDIATE FUTURE.



HELP! US PENSIONERS ARE SLIPPING ON THE ICY SLIDES MADE BY IRRESPONSIBLE TEENAGERS!



NO PROBLEM! GRANDPA'S ASHES WILL PROVIDE AN ADHESIVE SURFACE ON THE ICE, AND PREVENT YOUR OLD AND BRITTLE BONES FROM SHATTERING AFTER A FALL!



GRANDPA MAY HAVE BEEN A CANTANKEROUS OLD BASTARD WHEN HE WAS ALIVE... AND A JAM THIEF TO BOOT... BUT HIS ASHES ARE PROVIDING A VALUABLE SERVICE TO THE COMMUNITY NOW!



STOP THIEF!



AAGH! WHAT THE FUCK?



WELL DONE, JIMMY!



AACHOO! AAGH! IT'S ALL IN ME FRIGGIN' EYES! AAGH!

[SNIFF] THERE'S NOT MUCH OF GRANDPA LEFT. THE POTENTIAL FOR ADVENTURE IS FAST RUNNING OUT!



TOP SECRET RESEARCH INSTITUTE

EXCUSE ME, SONNY! I'M PROFESSOR BARNYARD, A MAD SCIENTIST, AND YOUR GRANDPA'S ASHES ARE JUST WHAT I NEED!



THEY'RE YOURS FOR A FIVER!

YOU SEE, I AIM TO DUPLICATE THE MIRACLE OF LIFE; CLONING, IF YOU WILL. A BIT LIKE WHAT THEY DID IN JURASSIC PARK... SORT OF THING.



MY CREATO-RAY SHOULD BE ABLE TO DUPLICATE THE - AS WE SCIENTISTS SAY - DNA SPUNK/EGG LIFE FORCE LYING DORMANT WITHIN YOUR GRANDPA'S ASHES.



BUGGER ME BACKWARDS! IT WORKED!



JIMMY! GIVE YER OLD GRANDPA'S A HUG!



AH, AN UNFORSEEN SIDE-EFFECT. THEIR UNSTABLE MOLECULES HAVE CAUSED THEM TO CRUMBLE TO DUST!



SORRY, JIMMY! I GUESS THE WORLD ISN'T READY FOR MAN TO PLAY GOD...

...ALTHOUGH ROBERT POWELL WAS PRETTY IMPRESSIVE AS JESUS IN THAT TV SERIES.



SIX JAMJAR GRANDPA'S MEANS SIX TIMES AS MANY ASH-RELATED ANTICS! IT'S ADVENTURE AHOY FOR ME FROM NOW ON!



LOW SPRINGER







BASED ON A TRUE STORY

RECONSTRUCTION POSED BY A DEAD MODEL



Christmas 1987. At around 8.15pm on Thursday 24th December, 72 year old Edward Wilson died alone at his home in Thornaby, Cleveland, the victim of hypothermia.

Ten days later the fairy lights on his Christmas tree failed. After two months 'Ping!' The light bulb went. A fortnight later and the standard lamp conked out too.

Six months on and a fuse in Mr Wilson's fridge blew. The contents, already green with mould, began to stink. Not long afterwards mice gnawing at the wires rendered the telephone inoperative. After ten months the doorbell batteries ran flat. And twelve months after his death even Mr Wilson's wristwatch had ground to a halt.

But FOUR YEARS later, long after the maggots had picked him dry, Mr Wilson's **SAMSUN** TV was still working. And as the police officers who found the body discovered, the colour was still as bright as ever.

**SAMSUN**  
televisions

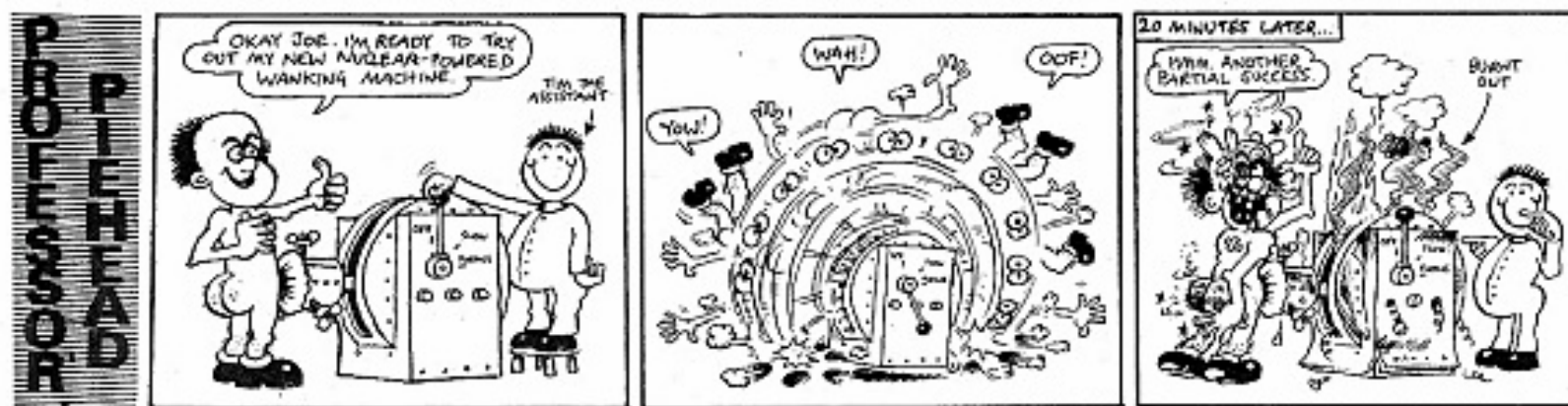
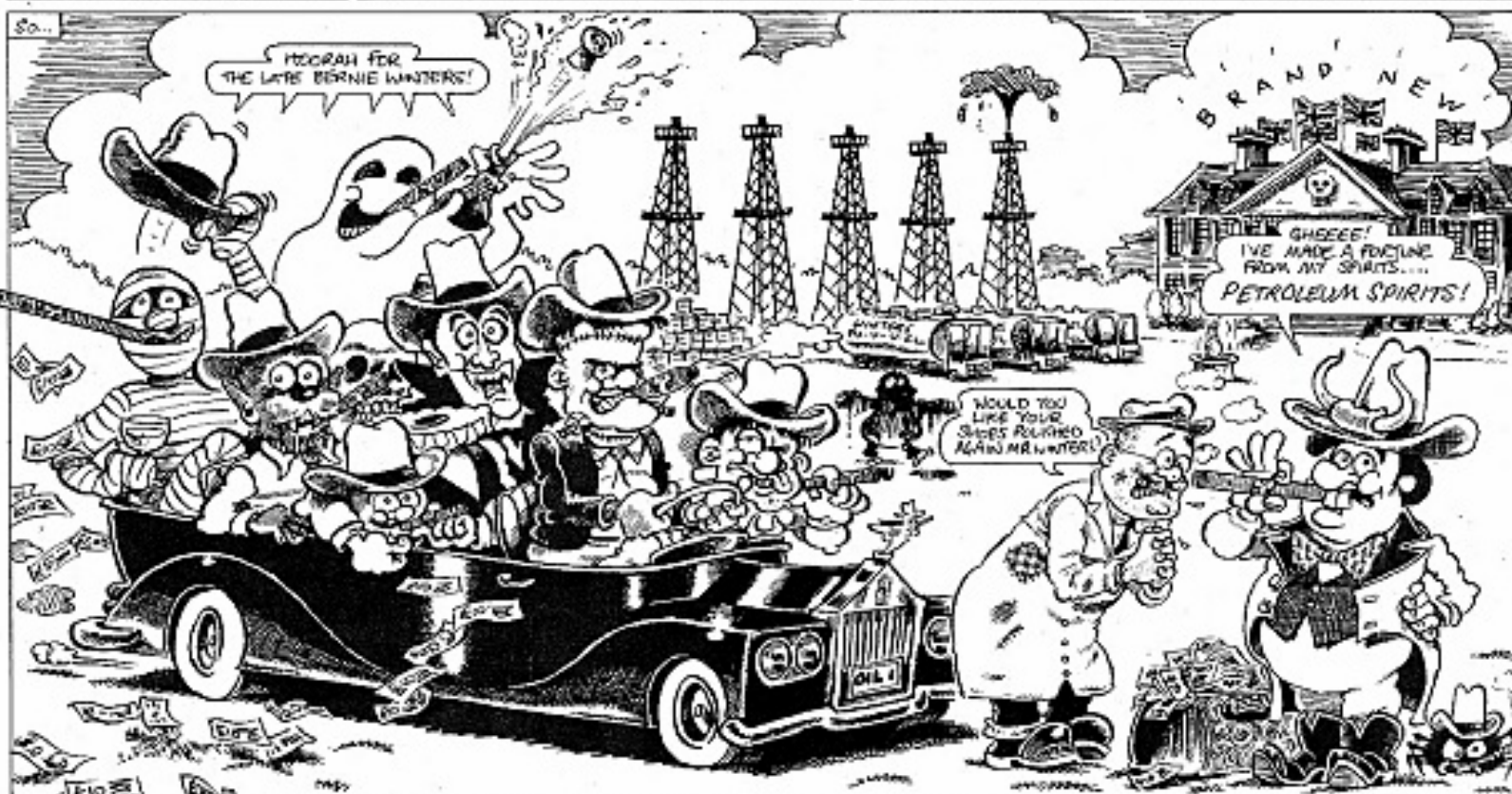
*Guaranteed for life. And beyond...*



# Bernie Winters's CIRCUS OF HORRORS







PROFESSOR PIEHEAD



# Passengers be on your guard!

A record breaking British Rail guard was honoured yesterday at a special ceremony at Kings Cross station.

Bob Birchenall received a special commemorative medal from British Rail after being rude to his one millionth passenger. And Scotsman Bob, from Aberdeen, is the first railway employee in history to reach that figure.

## SWIFT

Bob joined the railways as a station porter in 1947 and won swift promotion to ticket inspector after losing several items of luggage. His abruptness and unpleasant attitude gained him a further promotion to train guard in 1962. Since then Bob has been consistently rude to passengers on a daily basis, reaching the remarkable milestone of one million earlier this year.

## Scotsman is flying into the record books

"There's no secret to it. Just hard work, I suppose", said Bob, aged 59. "As I look at it every passenger enquiry is an opportunity to annoy someone", he told reporters. And the highlight of his career so far? "Definitely the time I made a woman carrying two children break down and cry hysterically at the ticket barrier", he told us with a smile. "I refused to allow her onto the train, even though she had a valid ticket. I was obstinate and totally unpleasant. Even-

**EXCLUSIVE**

tually I shouted at her and she snapped. It was quite a thrill".

## SWALLOW

Bob is pictured here receiving his medal from BR's Eastern Region Personnel Manager, Mr Trevor Banks. Also honoured at the same ceremony was former ticket office employee Richard Whittle. It was his suggestion that lead to the introduction of the highly confusing 'Blue Saver' ticket system which



Proud Bob receives his medal yesterday.

has caused unprecedented passenger confusion and has helped generate an estimated 15 million complaints since

its introduction in the early eighties. Mr Whittle is now in charge of customer enquiries at Euston Station.

## Offers invited for 'Peter Pan' of pop

A unique opportunity to acquire one of Britain's best loved pop singers has arisen after EMI record bosses decided to sell their veteran star Cliff Richard.

Richard, now in his fifties, was a bargain when EMI snapped him up for next to nothing back in 1958. Since then the 'Peter Pan' of pop has churned out a remarkable string of over 100 hit singles for the record company. But hits have been thin on the ground lately, and with the passing years the cost of maintaining a star of Cliff's size has increased dramatically.

"Over the years we have treated Cliff with tender loving care", said EMI spokesman Tony Wordsworth. "But as he gets older the cost of maintaining him increases, and at some point we have to look realistically at what is best for his future, as well as for ours".

## SPRING

Reluctantly EMI decided to sell and Richard was originally put on the market in the spring, freehold with

vacant possession, for offers in the region of £1.25 million. Although several people viewed him, no firm offers were received, and subsequently the price has been lowered to £950,000.

"I think the asking price is a very fair reflection of current marketing trends", said a spokesman for estate agent Savilles. "We hope that Cliff will appeal to a family perhaps, or someone looking for a singer to use at weekends. There is also great potential for development, subject to the relevant planning consents".

## FACE

Cliff's fans are hoping that the National Landmark Trust might show an interest in the former Eurovision Song Contest winner. Among them fan club secretary Una Phillips. "Cliff could easily be converted into up-market holiday accommodation whilst

**FOR SALE**  
Detached  
mid 20th century  
singer  
Many original features  
still intact



still preserving features such as his leather trousers and microphone".

## STRAP

Meanwhile, outline plans to convert the singer into an old people's home were yesterday rejected by Weybridge Planning Authority. "We don't feel that this sort of development would be in keeping with the individual concerned", a spokesman said yesterday.

## CANE

Offers for Cliff should be made in writing and must be received by the selling agent no later than midday on Friday 11th November.

## Anyone for sugar?

Britain's teeth are getting less sweeter, and that's official.

For a report out today claims less tea drinkers than ever before are adding sugar to their cuppa. And that's down on previous figures for the same statistic.

A 1974 tea sipping census revealed that 7 out of 10 tea drinkers were taking sugar in their tea, a tooth rotting average of 4 spoonfuls per cup. This year's survey reveals an average drop of 2 spoonfuls per person per cup, with only 5 out of 10 tea drinkers now preferring an average of 2 spoonfuls of sugar in it.

However, the total amount of sugar dissolved in tea has increased, due to a massive leap in tea sales, while the weight ratio 'sugar to tea consumed' has altered in favour of the drink. In 1974 half as much tea was sold in Britain as is sold today.

Whilst today housewives pick twice that amount up from supermarket shelves all over Britain.

The good news for tea drinkers is that dentists are welcoming the good news about the drop in the amount of sugar in tea. But the bad news for tea drinkers is that prices of tea look set to rise despite the increase in sales. However, the good news for dentists is that sugar prices look set to follow suit, although that news will be less welcome among half of tea drinkers who enjoy sugar in their tea.

A further reduction in the amount of sugar in tea is a likely outcome of the imminent rise in prices, and no doubt dentists will be keen to discover whether a drop in tooth decay is a possible result.

## IT'S YOUR VERDICT

Are less people having sugar in tea than in the old days? Or do you think more people are having sugar in tea? How many spoonfuls do YOU have? We're opening a special hotline to record YOUR views. Simply dial the following numbers according to how many spoonfuls of sugar you have in your tea.

0 - Dial (091) 21 2 1 213 3 - Dial (091) 2 121 21 3  
1 - Dial (091) 21 21 21 3 4 - Dial (091) 21 2 1 213  
2 - Dial (091) 212 1 2 13

If you take more than four, dial a combination of numbers to match your total. (e.g. if you take six, dial the number for 3 twice. Or the numbers for 2 then 4, etc.). All calls are charged at normal BT rates.

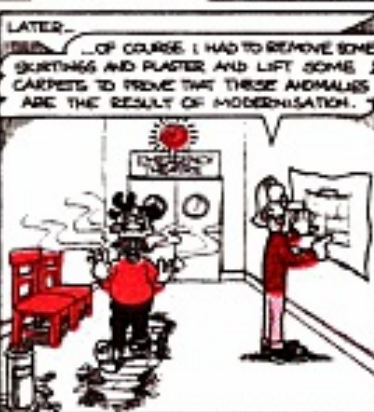
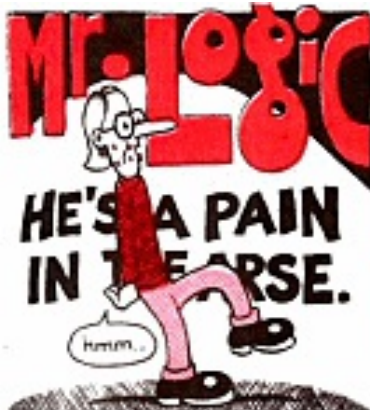


# COPPER KETTLE

THE PC WHO LOVES HIS PC









# FINBARR SAUNDERS



THE FOLLOWING YEAR WE DECIDED TO TRY AN ADOBE FIREWORK.



BUT IT WAS SOMETHING OF A DISAPPOINTMENT. IT LOOKED QUITE IMPRESSIVE WHEN I GOT IT OUT - BUT THERE WAS JUST A FEW LITTLE CRACKLES OUT OF THE TOP...



GOODNESS - YOUR MOTHER HAS BOUGHT AN EXTRAORDINARILY GENEROUS SELECTION OF FIREWORKS THIS YEAR, RATHER SHOWING OFF THE MEASURE JACKET OF SANDLERS IN HER BACK POCKET, HAHAHA.



NOW I'VE SEEN THE SIZE OF HER BOX, A TINY FACET LIKE MINE ISN'T GOING TO EXCITE HER VERY MUCH.



AND YOU, SIZE ISN'T EVERYTHING. I ONCE SAID FIVE POUNDS ON A ROCKET. IT WAS SO LARGE, MRS GUNLET COULDN'T GET HER HANDS AROUND IT. IT STOOD UP FOR A FEW SECONDS WITH ITS END GLOWING, BEFORE FLOATING OVER. I COULDN'T GET IT GOING AGAIN.



AND THERE'S NOTHING WRONG WITH BANGING, MANNY'S THE EXCITING NIGHT I'VE HAD RUNNING AROUND THE GARDEN GRIPPING MINE TIGHTLY AND WAIVING IT IN MY WIFE'S FACE.



AND OF COURSE NO GUY SAUNDERS' NIGHT WOULD BE COMPLETE WITHOUT BUILDING A GOOD BONFIRE. I HAVE A SUBSTANTIAL ERECTION ON THE LAWN ONCE A YEAR, AND I ALWAYS MAKE SURE THE NEIGHBOURS GET A GOOD VIEW OF IT.



AH, I SEE YOU HAVE MADE A SMALL-SCALE EFFORT TO BURN ON THE FIRE. MY WIFE ALWAYS SAID SHE PREFERRED TO HAVE A BIG GUY UP ON TOP.



AND YOU, ONE OF THEM BURNED FOR SO LONG THAT IT LOOKED LIKE THE FLAMES MIGHT SPREAD AND DAMAGE A PARTICULARLY PRECIOUS SHELF THAT I HAD GIVEN TO MY WIFE AS A BIRTHDAY GIFT. YES, ONE OF THESE BIG GUYS SHE HAD WAS STILL GOING STRONG AT EIGHT IN THE MORNING THE NEXT DAY. MY WIFE WAS WORRIED THAT HER BUSH WOULD BE RUINED, SO I HAD TO PUT ON SOME THICK GLOVES AND PULL HIM OFF.



YOU CAN'T BE TOO CAREFUL WHEN SETTING UP A FIREWORK DISPLAY. I'M FASTENING THIS CATERPILLAR WHEEL TO THE TREE VERY FINALLY. I ONCE HAD ONE OF THESE FLY OFF THE TREE AND ROLL INTO MY WIFE'S HAIR!



I HAD THE THREE-INCHER, YOU SEE, AND I STUCK IT UP. WELL, IT WENT OFF MUCH FASTER THAN I EXPECTED. IT WOBBLED ITSELF OUT OF THE HOLE, AND SHOT UP HER BACK PASSAGE WITH ALL THIS HOT WHITE STUFF. SQUARTING OUT, THAT MESS TOOK QUITE SOME CLEANING UP, I CAN TELL YOU.



BUT YOU MUST NEVER FORGET THAT ALL FIREWORKS ARE POTENTIALLY DANGEROUS. NOW I KNOW YOU'VE SEEN YOUTHS THROWING BANGERS FROM THE ROOF OF THE COACH, BUT I HOPE THAT YOU NEVER GIVE IN TO THE TEMPTATION TO TOSS YOURS OFF, BECAUSE THAT'S HOW PEOPLE END UP GOING BLIND.



RIGHT, LET'S LIGHT THE FLEE. YOU SEE, I TOOK THE PRECAUTION OF HAVING A BUNDLE OF PARAFFIN-SEALED RAGS IN THE CUBBY OF THE HEAT. YES, I POKED MY WARD AS FAR INTO THE MOUND AS IT WOULD GO.



IT ALWAYS GOES UP BETTER IF YOU FOUR SOMETHINGS ON IT. AND IF IT STILL TAKES A WHILE TO GET GOING, A GOOD BLOW ON IT GENERALLY DOES THE TRICK.





# GAMES WANKER REVIEWS

## FRESH AIR QUEST

(MEGA TOSS - £85.95)

Games masters everywhere prepare to meet your match. This is the finest action/adventure game ever to hit your console, and guaranteed to keep you awake for weeks. First stage is to escape from the MIGHTY 50-FA, then negotiate the GREAT DOOR OF BED-ROOM and pass into the KINGDOM OF LAN-DING. The second stage features even more thrilling gameplay. The aim to descend the MIGHTY CASE OF STAIR until you reach the OUTER DOOR. This is where the action heats up as players must now open the mystic and powerful MIGHTY LATCH OF YALE. The highlights of this fabulous game is when you crack the lock and stagger out, blinking, into the sunshine.



## THE HYGIENATOR

(HOOVER - £79.95)

The aim of the game is to escape from the evil Hygienator who's aim is to remove your filthy clothing, scrub your spotty face, and wash your lank, greasy hair. Tip: Look out for Hygienator's deadly companion SOAPAN WATER and his DEODORANT BLASTER. To get to Level 2 you must go for 18 weeks without a bath.

## EPILEPTOR 7

(SHITA CD - £89.95)

I rate this game better even than EPILEPTOR 6 which I also bought for £89.95 three days ago and only got as far as Level 3 before collapsing in a fit. The graphics are out of this world, with non-stop beeping and flashing reminiscent of the awe-inspiring CONVULSATRON (AGA - £120.95) which killed my brother after 74 hours of non-stop gameplay. If it's excitement you want, the positively life-threatening EPILEPTOR 7 is a must for your console.



## WALLET MEGA BLASTER

(ELECTROLUX - £210.95)

WALLET MEGA BLASTER supercedes WALLET BLASTER which came out last week at only £129.95. The new game, at a mega improved £210.95, is not compatible with anything, so you'll also need the new WALLET MEGA BLASTER console at £399.95. Also, tell mum to look out for SUPER HYPER WALLET MEGA BLASTER in the shops next week for a sensational £799.95.

# GAMEPLAN

Dear Joe

I am stuck at Level 1 of **FART SACK (MORPHY RICHARDS - £90.99)**. How do I get out of bed and put my clothes on?

D.C., Walthamstow

Set **ALARM** on bedside table before entering **SLEEP** mode. When bell rings lift head to **VERTICAL** position and get **UP**. The secret is then to move curtains to **OPEN** and locate clothes.

Dear Joe

I have been stuck at Level 17 of **SAD WANKER (Tato & Lyall)** since Christmas 1991. I have lost the use of my eyes and my skin is the colour of porridge. How do I get out of this game?

D.S., Reading

Go to **WALL**. Locate the **SOCKET**. Pull **PLUG** until it comes **OUT**.

## HOUSE SEARCH

(IDEAL MEXICO - £54.95)

Adventure unfolds in this exciting quest to locate your family. Behind the many doors of your house could be brothers, sisters, a mother and a father. Go through the house, room by room, locating as many people as you can, and saying "hello" to them. If you haven't met before, introduce yourself. An exciting journey into the unknown.

Dear Joe

I have reached Level 6 of **SAD WANKER (SPEAR & JACKSON)** and have managed to get out of the house, walk along the street, and find a girl. But I cannot enter into a conversation with her. How do I proceed to the next Level?

S.B., Hungerford

Simple. Pause game. Find a **PUB**. Enter and press **REQUEST BEER**. Repeat until you reach Level **SLIGHTLY MERRY**. Unpause game, approach girl and press **TALK**. You will then be armed with **CAREFREE CONVERSATION**, a mighty weapon. But beware the demon **DIZZINESS**, and the deadly **THROWING UP** down her blouse or **PISSING** your trousers.

Dear Joe

I got to the 10th Level of **EPILEPTOR** without a fit. Only mild nausea. How do I get to the 11th Critical Level.

H.C., Sunderland

Tip: Sit closer to the screen. Ideally it should be about six inches from your eyes. Turn brightness **UP**. Close curtains.

Dear Joe

I heard a friend of mine talk about **GIRLS**. What is **GIRLS**, and is it **ATARI** compatible? What is the highest score?

B.H., Hounslow

## DINNER NIGHTMARE

(LEVER BROS. - £79.95)

This is the toughest challenge of all. I struggled to get onto Level 3 after a solid month of non-stop gameplay. The aim is to sit and have a meal with the rest of your family, and to make conversation with them. Skill rating: Virtually impossible.

## MASTURBATOR III

(BLACK AND DEKKER - £79.95)

This is a straightforward game for beginners. Static picture format. The beautiful semi-naked **PRINCESS ORGASMA** appears on the screen surrounded by dragons, snakes, wizards etc. Your task is to put down the joystick, pick up your cock, and have a wank. But beware the **MIGHTY MUTH-OR** who can enter your bedroom at any time and catch you pulling your pud.





# SWEARY MARY

